Again, there are persons who announce with oracular authority that advancing civilisation will change the very character of society. They forget that increasing knowledge, while it holds out new encouragements to excellence, also furnishes additional instruments and facilities to all that is evil. The art of printing, for instance, through which useful knowledge is disseminated, is also the medium through which scandal, vice, and irreligion propagate themselves; and this they are doing, to an incredible extent, in this our country in the present day, through the millions of noxious publications which annually issue from the press. The rapid modes of travelling and communication which modern times enjoy, and which enable the good to exercise a wider influence, admit, at the same time, of the more effectual and speedy transmission of all that is corrupt, baleful, and infectious. We require only to open our eyes, and not to shut our ears, to discover vice presenting itself with as unabashed and disgusting an aspect, and uttering as blasphemous words in the present, as in any other age of the world. In some respects, indeed, civilisation has reformed the outward man, whitened the outside of the sepulchre, but it has left it within as full of corruption as before.

The inhabitant of some busy town, wearied with its prevailing artifice and selfishness, its competitions in trade and rivalships in rank and family, repairs for a season to some sequestered village or secluded glen; and the peace and serenity that reign around him, the absence of all turmoil and open crime, leave upon him the impression that the character of the inhabitants is as lovely as are the works of God among which they dwell. Alas! he needs only a little deeper acquaintance with those who seem so innocent and simple, to find the same passions at work, and the same feuds and jealousies, as in the bustling city population. The countryman repays the visit of

the citizen at a different season, and is surprised at and delighted with the comfort, the elegance, the courtesy, and apparent affection which everywhere fall under his view. It requires some little inquiry to discover that pride, vanity, and ungodliness, are beating and reigning in bosoms so decked and adorned as to conceal every rankling passion within. Should he go forth from the narrow precincts of the refined into the haunts of the lowest population uf our cities, he will feel his sensibility affected by deeper sinks